

EXPECT JEWEL ARRESTS



THE WEATHER.

Fair tonight and Tuesday; cooler tonight; light to moderate variable winds.
Sun rises 4:40, sets 7:01.
Moon sets 2:27 p.m.
High tide 12:10 a.m., 12:38 p.m.
Temperature: Boston 70, Chicago 68, New York 70, New Orleans 78, Washington 74, San Francisco 56.

BOSTON AMERICAN

VOL. 10—No. 136

BOSTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1913.

Published by

PRICE ONE CENT.

10 O'CLOCK
EDITION

FORCE WILSON OUT

HUNT FOR WILD MAN IN WOODS

Women Terrified by Strange
Prowler in Charles River
Reservation.

HAS FRIGHTENED SCORES

The Woburn police and Metropolitan Park Police of Charles River Reservation made an energetic search today for a wild man who has been roaming Charles River woods for the past three weeks, terrifying women girls and children and startling men.

Several times, particularly at night, have been made by Weston, Waltham, Woburn and Newton police, with park officers helping.

Chief Killgore of the Charles River Reservation has ordered all his men to keep a careful watch, while on foot or on patrol, for the wild man.

No one knows who the wild man is, though many have had glimpses of him. He is running naked, according to the great majority of reports.

May Have Shaving Kit.

Some have reported him as wearing a little clothing. The police think he has a few garments concealed in some place in the woods and that he wears them occasionally. Just most of the time he goes stripped.

A peculiar feature is that the man is reported as clean shaven, except for a heavy mustache. The police think he has some kind of a shaving kit in his hiding place.

The first report of the wild man was made to the Boston police by a man who was out with his wife for a boogie ride. As they came near Kendall Grove railroad station in Weston this man, stark naked, appeared in the road. When the man asked the boogie he

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

Get What You Pay For in Rent

The amount of rent you pay should be as carefully scrutinized as any other item in your living expenses. By using the **Sunday Real Estate Section** of the **Boston AMERICAN** as a guide in leasing you will get full value for your money.

Circulation Nearly
400,000 Evening
and Sunday . . .

Offices at 80-82 Summer St.
and 264 Washington St.

SOME OF THE PRETTY K. OF C. WOMEN

Group of Southern and Western visitors, seeing Boston for the first time. Snapshot today of auto party on delegates' trip to Beverly. Left to right, in rear seat: Mrs. Paul Leche, Louisiana; Mrs. Patrick Malloy, Oklahoma; Blanche Menville, Louisiana. In front seat: Mrs. Ray McNally, Missouri; Florence Haglanes, Utah.



ORANG-OUTANG IS HUNTED ON WATERFRONT

Bullies, longshoremen and marines from the Charlestown Navy Yard today searched every nook and corner of the Charlestown and East Boston waterfront for a giant orang-outang, which escaped from the British steamer Xanthe, Saturday, while she was tied up at Mystic wharf. The searchers carried revolvers, ready to shoot to kill. If the animal would not submit to capture.

The orang is as large as a half-grown boy, with long, pendulous arms and stubby legs. It is immensely muscular—more than a match for half a dozen average men.

Captain McLean of the freighter offered a reward for the beast's capture. Longshoremen cornered it once, but it charged in anger, bared its discolored yellow teeth and charged at them, its hairy arms outstretched, and its fingers working hungrily. The men scattered, and the orang slipped up a ladder, climbed a freight elevator and disappeared over the roof.

The orang has not eaten since early Saturday. There is no hope for him on the wharf, and the searchers today were prepared to kill him if he became dangerous. A search of the Navy Yard crews failed to discover the beast.

Garage Raiders at Charlestown

Garage thieves are operating in Charlestown. It was learned today that early yesterday morning Mrs. May Dillon, daughter of Frank H. Dillon of Wood street, frightened away three young men trying to break in the door of the family garage. A week ago the garage of Dr. John Joseph Neal of Charlestown police was entered and Neal's revolver and some tools were stolen.

Sir J. W. Scott Dead.
LONDON, Aug. 4.—Sir James William Scott, millionaire manufacturer, died today, aged sixty. He was created a baronet four years ago.

Tonight's Program for Big K. of C. Convention Here

7:30 p. m.—Parade of the fourth degree members from the Hotel Somerset to Mechanics Building.
8:00 p. m.—Music for visiting women at the Hotel Somerset.
8:15 p. m.—Exemplification of the fourth degree at Mechanics Building on 500 candidates, directed by Supreme Master John H. Rodin of Denver. Followed by banquet and reception.

See Page 2 for detailed story on Convention.

SLOANE TO GO; BLAIN TO BE TRANSFERRED

John A. Sloane, supervising inspector general of steam vessels for the New England district, with headquarters at No. 23 Broad street, Boston, has been assigned to tender his resignation to the Department of Commerce and Captain John F. Blain, local inspector of hulls at Boston, will be transferred to some other station, according to dispatches today from Washington.

Isaac Levy Dead.
Isaac Levy is dead at his home, No. 70 Harold street, Roxbury, following a minor operation from which it was thought he was recovering. Mr. Levy was born in Alsace, France, and came to Boston forty-five years ago. When younger he took an active interest in Boston Jewish charities and was for many years a member of Lafayette Lodge of Masons.

HANAN NURSE QUILTS; BELIEVE GEMS HERE

The Narragansett Pier quarter-of-a-million dollar jewel robbery today became more clouded with mystery than ever, when three developments in Boston and at the Pier, surprised even the detectives who are investigating the thefts.

In the evidence, Mrs. John H. Hanan lost gems worth \$100,000, and Mrs. C. C. Runney was a \$100,000 loser. Here are the three important developments today:
1.—Mrs. Hanan declared she took for an immediate arrest, and from the detectives' reports, expects to recover her jewels.

2.—The man who acted as Mr. Hanan's nurse, and with whom Mr. Hanan was in the next room to that from which the jewels were stolen, resigned and left hurriedly for New York. His action occurred shortly after Mr. Hanan was told, for the first time, of the theft.

3.—A number of a prominent Boston and New York brokerage house practically admitted in Boston that Mrs. Hanan's jewels had been pledged with its firm as security for a loan of \$80,000. Believe an AMERICAN reporter got this from the following conversation: Several weeks ago, nothing was taken.

Reporter:—Is it true that a well-known Boston man has pawned with your firm the Hanan jewels, in security for a \$80,000 loan?
Member of firm:—You're on the right track, old man. Better see the chief.

"The chief" is the head of the local office of the firm, which has New York and Boston branches. The reporter sought out "the chief" and this conversation ensued:

Reporter:—Do you know Mrs. Hanan?
"The Chief":—I know Mrs. Hanan. Reporter:—Did she do business with your New York house?

"The Chief":—She might have, why should you come to me? I am not in the jewelry business.

Reporter:—Do you know anything about your house making a loan on Jewels to the firm of Hanan?
"The Chief":—No, sir, and I would like to know where you got that story. Somebody must know what they are talking about.

Reporter:—Would your partners know anything about such a deal and you not know it?
"The Chief":—My partners are New York and New Jersey men. What they know about Jewels and a loan Frederick Mandel, whose Narragansett was reported to have been robbed of Jewels worth "hundreds of dollars," today issued a statement in which he said:

"Although we had a mysterious visitor several weeks ago, nothing was taken."

ENVOY TO MEXICO DEPRIVED OF POST BY THE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Secretary of State Bryan, acting for President Wilson, today accepted the resignation of Henry Lane Wilson as Ambassador to Mexico. The resignation will go into effect at the end of sixty days.

The Ambassador resigned, with all the other United States representatives in foreign countries, when President Wilson took office. The acceptance of the resignation under the present circumstances is equivalent to forcing him out of office.

CLOSETED TWO HOURS WITH BRYAN.

Show Maine Receipt for Mulhall Check

Brewers Gave \$1,800 for Liquor Campaign, He Says

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Contrary to expectation the Senate today committee reported Colonel Mulhall to the stand today. A receipt signed by James Danahoe of Maine for \$1,800, paid him by Mulhall, was produced.

"Didn't you certify that you took no receipts?" asked Senator Nelson.

"That money was put up by the brewers, not the National Association of Manufacturers," said Mulhall.

He testified that the money was given him by John Gardner and John McNeil, both of the United States Brewers' Association in the Thorndyke Hotel at Rockland, Me. He said \$11,000 passed through his hands.

Mulhall said as near as he could remember it was written September 1, 1911. This money, explained Mulhall, was used during the re-submission campaign in Maine.

Astray 26 Hours in Dory.

Marlin Roy, a fisherman on the schooner Pontiac, strayed from his vessel on George's Bank last Friday during a thick fog and roved in the direction of Cape Cod for twenty-six hours. He was picked up by the schooner Olive F. Hutchinson and brought to Boston today.

Continued on Page 2, Column 1.

ROSEN, ACID THROWER, HELD IN \$3,000.

Maurice Rosen, who hurled six ounces of muriatic acid in Hilda Hill's face today, was held in \$3,000 for Grand Jury.

TRY TO ASSASSINATE OMAHA DETECTIVE.

OMAHA, Aug. 3.—In an attempt to assassinate the chief of detectives, Stephen Malone, was made early today, when some unidentified person fired two bullets at him as he sat in his office at the police station.

TOWNSEND DENIES MULHALL CHARGES.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4.—Senator Townsend of Michigan denied the charges of Colonel Mulhall, the industry, as an untruthful, false, while testifying before the Senate today in investigating Committee today. Mulhall had asserted in his letters that he had had confidential interviews with Townsend, and referred to Townsend as "one of our best friends."

SUDDENLY the entire end of the tunnel seemed to leap forward. He saw two men vanish as if they had been snuffed out. Half a dozen threw up their arms and turned to run. Then it seemed to him that a mighty whip-cord had suddenly been drawn with deadly tightness about his head, shutting off sound, breath and all sensation save that of sight. Dozens of whirling bodies of naked men, ringed with fire and mingled with stones and sand, shot past; there was a sound in his head as if a tightly strung piano wire had suddenly snapped—then a roar that shook him to the heels, a sharp pain, a blinding flash of red and—oblivion. **THE TUNNEL HAD EXPLODED.**
From THE TUNNEL, the Greatest Wonder Story Since Jules Verne—Read the First Instalment on Today's Home Page

No Coyotes or Quixotes for the Old Man, No Siree

Copyright, 1913, by International News Service



BULLETIN—Aboard S. S. Nippon—The Pacific looks just like the Atlantic. Couldn't tell 'em apart. The propeller is in the back of the boat. The engines are in the kitchen. Victory is in sight.—DURHAM.

Copyright, 1913,
International News Service

Our Hero Reaches the Pacific on His "Round the World in 30 Days" Trip



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Speaking of That Diaphanous Stuff



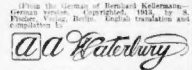
Registered United States Patent Office

Skinny Hasn't Much Room for More Medals



THE AMERICAN'S DAILY HOME PAGE

GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD Kind since JULES VERNE



THE CAT

Copyright, 1915, by International News Service.

RIVERS went out to the forward car of the train—the officers' car—and took a seat in a corner. On the opposite side four young engineers were playing whist, in an extremely quiet fashion, judging from their frequent laughter.

Barnham, a young German-American, in charge of Min Street No. 4, just 200 miles out under the head of the Atlantic, came in and walked past him, passing with a pleasant greeting as if only waiting for an emergency man to sit with his chief during the two-hour trip to the end of the completed boring. But Rivers, dumfounded with a sort of "good evening, Barnham," and the subordinate passed on to the far end of the 200-foot car.

Rivers wanted to be alone. He was in a mental condition for conversation. He wanted to think. Barnham recognized his desire for solitude and left him to the service of a man on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the welfare of Tunnel City, and the great American boring of Mackinac Island, which at last had been tunneled to Europe.

Being a divorcee, Rivers, a young engineer, he would have been immediately charged with the responsibility of the which in his chief's brain was due to him.

For months he had known that he would have to live with his wife, but he had never seen her. He had never seen her. He had never seen her. He had never seen her.

Where was she? He thought, with bitterness. If Alan had been where he belonged at the side of his wife, he would have been there.

Rivers had been told that his wife was in the hospital. He had been told that his wife was in the hospital. He had been told that his wife was in the hospital.

It was a relief, but it was a relief. It was a relief, but it was a relief. It was a relief, but it was a relief.

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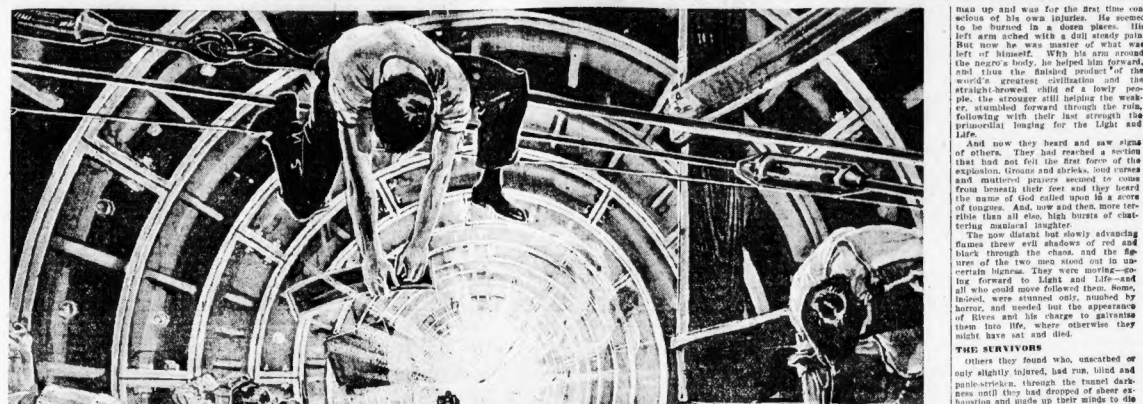
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THE TUNNEL BORING MACHINE

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The tunnel had exploded

Leaving the last main station at Tunnel City, the train entered a long, straight tunnel. The tunnel was built by the great American boring of Mackinac Island, which at last had been tunneled to Europe. The tunnel was built by the great American boring of Mackinac Island, which at last had been tunneled to Europe.

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BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

By Anna Katherine Green

One of the Greatest Mystery Stories Ever Written

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT

Copyright, 1915, by Anna Katherine Green.

He waited for a moment, his eyes fixed on the door. He waited for a moment, his eyes fixed on the door. He waited for a moment, his eyes fixed on the door.

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RESINOL MAKES ECZEMA VANISH

Keeps Itching and Burning Instantly.

There is immediate relief for itching, burning and disfigurement by eczema, ringworm, or other tormenting skin eruptions. Resinol ointment is a warm bath with Resinol Soap and a simple application of Resinol Ointment. The ointment is applied to the affected area, and the itching and burning are instantly relieved. The ointment is applied to the affected area, and the itching and burning are instantly relieved.

Universally Used
For eighty years as a keen
relish for many a dish.
LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE
Adds just the touch of Fish,
Shrimp, Mussels, Crabs, Grapes,
An Appetizer
Sold by Grocers Everywhere

By Hall Caine
Author of "The Christian," Etc.

FULL SYNOPSIS

from a London "Castle," and find that Martin is arriving for a farewell visit, and that by Alma Lee's deceitful influence, the marriage party has been split off for a far more luxurious and more comfortable life.

During her three days alone without her father, Mary lights a grim battle with her own feelings, and is not the least aided by the fact that she is not alone. The laws of the "Barb" are so strict, and the influence of the "Barb" is so strong, that she is not able to resist the winning love for this pure-hearted man. With Martin's passionate words, her own feelings are so strong, that she forgets everything else, and with her father's consent, she goes with him to Martin's bedroom. This is the action which Martin has advised upon, and which she has agreed to do, and which is sure to bring the one result which they have decided to attain. Mary decides, after the departure of her father, to hide herself in London, and to wait for the day when she will see him; she is equally afraid of the result of her own actions, and she is not longer settled in a cheap, little boarder's house in London than a great

persons, is Mildred, that one true friend of her consent days, who ferreted her out; but for Mary's sake she breaks a vow and refuses to give her up. Then comes the report of the loss of Martin's ship in the Antarctic. The report is false, but Mary, who flies from Mildred to a still more obscure part of London, is plunged into the depth of black despair from which she is saved only by the birth of her child. Motherhood is poignant with joy and sorrow, but poverty compels Mary to deny herself of even its privileges; and she is forced to leave her child with a poor family in slord while she searches for employment.

All this time I, in my vain belief that our expedition was of some consequence to the world, was trying to comfort myself with the thought that my darling must have heard of my safety.

How could I dream that, to the exclusion of all such interests as mine, she was occupied day and night, night and day, with the joys and sorrows, the raptures and fears of the mighty passion of Motherhood, which seems to be the only thing in life that is really great and eternal!

[illegible]

My comrades told me so impatiently to that, I can tell you. With their faces turned downward, and the wind at their backs, they were so unconscious of my staying power, although we had thirty and forty pretty constantly, with rough going all the time, for the snow had been ruckled up by the blizzard in almost impassable heaps and hummocks.

A MESSAGE

[illegible]

stores from Lord Lina.
 Mary, who, after the departure of
 Martin Conrad, to hide herself in London.
 She is driven by fear of Lord Lina
 Raa's discovery of her unfaithfulness
 into; she is equally afraid of the
 discovery of her own infidelity. She is
 sooner settled in a cheap, little board-
 ing house in London than a great hus-
 band, who is a man of great wealth
 and cry is raised by her father.
 The truth is, that the true friend
 of her convent days, who ferreted
 her out; but for Mary's sake she breaks
 a vow and refuses to give her up
 to the hands of the law. The
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 to leave her child with a poor family
 in Lifford while she searches for employ-

[illegible]

we were awful of green fields and flowers
and primroses and daisies—daisies,
by heaven, in a world that was like a
wreck.

As for me I did my best to play the
game of heron giving up. It was a
stifling hard game. God knows, and
after weeks of waiting a cause of hope-
lessness settled down on me such as I had
never known before.

I am not what is called a religious
man, but when I thought of my darling's
danger (for such I was sure it was) and
how I was cut off from her by thousands
of miles of impassable sea there came an
urge to do something with my life, and

trouble to somebody stronger than myself.

"I found it hard to do that at first, for a feeling of shame came over me, and I thought:

"You coward, you forget all about God when things were going well with you, but now that they are tumbling down, and death seems certain, you wince and want to go where you never

BUTTERICK BOSS

Butterick has again its own store in Boston Washington Street, between Temple Place and V

He before Whom the strongest of humanity were nothing at all, would take her into His fatherly keeping.

"Help her! Help her! I can do no more."

A GLAD SIGHT

It was just when I was down to the

that extremely last it pleased! very
decre to come to my relief. The very
next morning I was awakened out of
my broken sleep by the sound of a
gun, followed by such a yell from
Tracie as was enough to make you think
the sea serpent had got hold of his old
buttock.

"The ship! The ship! Commander!
Commander! The ship! The ship!"
And, looking down-

new him, with six or seven other members of our company, half naked, just as they had leaped out of their berths, running like savage men to the edge of the sea, where the Scotch, with all flags flying riot and merriment, were steam-rolling slowly up through a grinding pack of broken ice.	Timothy Smith Co., 2249-81 Washington St.	E. Stuart,	322 Broadway, E.
What a day that was! What shouting! What hand-shaking! For Hamilton it was Roanoke-Bark Fair with the fall of	J. H. Corcoran & Co., Cambridge.	E. Stuart,	38 Cross St., E. S.
	C. A. Delano, Brookline.	Geo. N. Blake Co.,	715 Broadway, So.
	Henry Hunt, 1126 Columbus Ave.	L. G. Sweet,	1157 Broadway, W.
	H. J. Corney & Co., City Point.	Schofield & White	2018 Massachusetts
	J. H. C. H. A.	W. D. B.	407 N. B.

H. H. Currell,	156 Main St.	W. P. Dwyer,	167 Blue Hill Ave.
Chas. E. Holman,	Allston Dist.	M. A. & M. L. McCraw,	303 Talbot Ave.
H. B. Mitchell,	113 Meridian St.	Mrs. May Tedford,	1068 Blue Hill Ave.
Charles & David,	226 Massachusetts Ave.	Della Hogarty,	1999 Columbus Ave.
E. Giesser & Co.,	932 Dorchester Ave.	Mrs. M. E. Fav.	4 Talbot Ave.

The Unforgettable
THE door of No. 10 was opened by a rather comely woman of perhaps thirty years of age, with a weak face and watery eyes.
This was Mrs. Oliver, and it occurred to me even at the first sight that she

and the frightened and cowering look of a wife who lives under the intimidation of a tyrannical husband.

New York Paris London

She welcomed me, however, with a warmth that partly dispelled my depression, and I followed her into the kitchen.

It was the only room on the ground floor of the house (except a scullery), and it seemed sweet and clean and comfortable, having a table in the middle of the floor, a sofa under the window, a

rowing their way on the side of the tree, placed a surprising baby's cot on the other side, and nothing about it that was not homelike and manuring. Except two large photographs over the mantelpiece of men stripped to the waist and sparring.

"We've been looking for you all day, mamma, and half nearly give you up," she said.

Then she took baby out of my arms.

"Five,"
"How'd you mess, Ted? said Mrs. Oliver, timidly. "Didn't we say four?"
"Five," said the man again, with a still louder volume of voice.
I could see that the poor woman was trembling, but assuming the sweet air of pious who live in constant state of fear, she said, "Oh, yes. It was five;

A SLIP
I reminded her that her letter had said four, but she insisted that I must be mistaken, and when I told her I had the letter with me, and she could see it if she wished, she said, "Then it must have been a slip of the pen in a manner of speaking, ma'am. We allus talked of five. Didn't we, Ted?"

"Certainly," said her husband, who was still busy with his boots.

I saw what was going on, and I felt hot and angry, but there seemed to be nothing to do except submit.

"Very well, well say five then," I said.

"Paid in advance," said the man, and when I answered that that would suit me very well, he added:

"A month in advance you know." By this time I felt myself trembling with indignation, as well as quivering with fear, for while I looked upon all the money I possessed as belonging to baby, to part with almost the whole of it in one moment would reduce me to utter helplessness. So I said, turning to Mrs. Oliver, "Is that usual?"

It did not escape me that the unhappy woman was constantly studying her husband's face, and when he glanced up at her with a meaning look she answered, hurriedly, "Oh, yes, ma'am, quite usual. All the women in the Row has it. Number five, she has twins and gets a month in hand with both of them. But we'll see, I daresay."

"Well, you see, ma'am, you're—you're a stranger to us, and if baby was left on our hands—not as we think you'd leave her chargeable as the saying is, but if you were ever ill and got a hit back with your payments—we being only poor

While the poor woman was floundering on in this way my blood was boiling, and I was beginning to ask her if she supposed for one moment that I meant to desert my child, when the man, who had finished the lacing of his boots, rose to his feet, and said, "You don't want your baby to be giv' over to the Guardians, do you?"

That settled everything. I took out my purse and with a trembling hand laid my last precious sovereign on the table

(Continued in Hearst's Maga-

Butterick has again its own store in Boston — at 499 Washington Street, between Temple Place and West Street.

The only down-town store having Butterick productions is the
SHEPARD NORWELL COMPANY
where the department will be doubled in size.

Merchants around Boston handling Butterick Publications and Patterns are

Timothy Smith Co.,	2249 N. Washington St.	E. Stuart,	322 Broadway, E. Somerville.
J. H. Corcoran & Co.,	Cambridge.	E. Stuart,	38 Cross St., E. Somerville.
C. A. Delano,	Brookline.	- Geo. N. Blake Co.,	715 Broadway, Somerville.
Henry Hunt,	1126 Columbus Ave.	L. G. Sweet,	1157 Broadway, W. Somerville.
J. H. Conroy & Co.,	City Point.	Schofield & White	2018 Massachusetts Ave., No. Cambridge
H. H. Currell, J.	516 Main St.	W. P. Dwyer,	167 Blue Hill Ave.
Chas. E. Holman,	Allston Dist.	M. A. & M. L. McCraw,	303 Talbot Ave.
H. B. Mitchell,	113 Meridian St.	Mrs. May Tedford,	1068 Blue Hill Ave.
Charles & David,	226 Massachusetts Ave.	Della Hogarty,	1999 Columbus Ave.
E. Gessner & Co.,	932 Dorchester Ave.	M. & E. Fay,	4 Talbot Ave. ↗

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